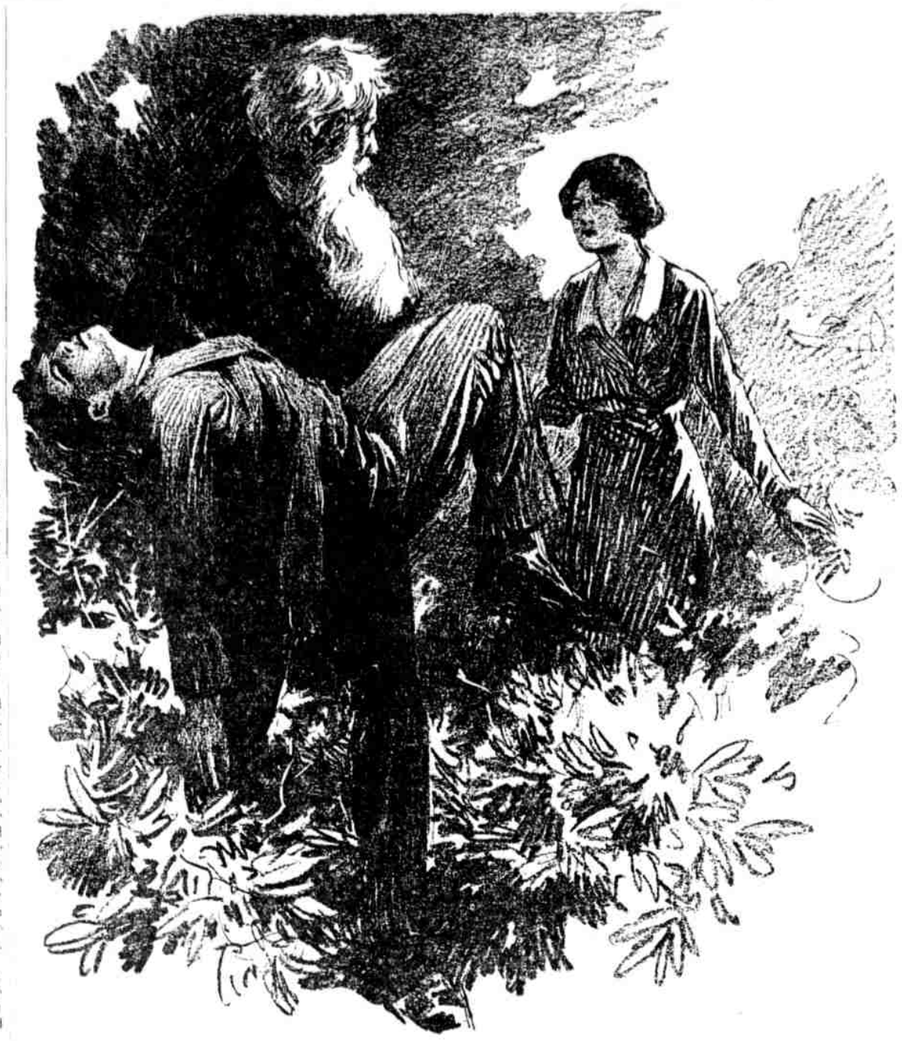
THE WORLD FOR SALE

By SIR GILBERT PARKER
Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Money Master," etc.



"Where are you going?" she asked anxiously as he moved away

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Fleda Druse, daughter of Gabriel Druse, shoots in a canoe the wild Carillon Rapids on the Sagalac river, where it flows between the towns of Manitou and Lebanon in the Canadian northwest. She is on the verge of losing her life in the whirlpools below when she is rescued by Max Ingolby, a financier, contractor and manager of great interests, who has come to Lebanon to amalgamate the railroads, unite the two towns and make them the center of commerce in the western north. On shore she is insulted by Felix Marchand, son of Hector Marchand, capitalist of Manitou. Ingolby attacks Marchand, who vows revenge. There arrives Jethro Fawe, who claims that he and Fleda were married when children, according to the custom of their races in their native lands. Fleda rejects him.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

JETHRO shrank from the sharp irony of her tongue as he would not have shrank before her father's violence. Biting rejection was in her tones. He knew dimly that the thing he shrank from belonged to nothing Romany in her, but to that scornful pride of the Gorgios which had kept the Romany outside the social pale.

"Only breath and beauty'" she had said, and that she could laugh at his handsomeness was certain proof that it was not willfulness which rejected his claims. Now there was rage in his heart greater than had been in that of Gabriel Druse.

"I have come a long way for a good thing," he said with head thrown back, "and if 'breath and beauty' is all I bring, yet that is because what my father had in his purse has made my Re rich"—he flung a hand out toward Gabriel Druse—"and because I keep to the open road as my father did, true to my Romany blood. The wind and the sun and the fatness of the field have made me what I am, and never in my life had I an ache or a pain. You have the breath and the beauty, too, but you have the gold also; and what you are and what you have is mine by the Romany law, and it will come to me, by long and by last."

Fleda turned quietly to her father. "If it is true concerning the three thousand pounds, give it to him and let him go. It will buy him what he would never get by what he is."

The old man flashed a look of anger upon her. "He came empty, he shall go empty. Against my commands, his insolence has brought him here. And let him keep his eyes skinned, or he shall have no breath with which to return. I am Gabriel Druse, lord over all the Romany people in all the world from Teheran to San Diego, and across the seas and back again, and my will shall be done."

He paused, reflecting for a moment, though his fingers opened and shut in anger. "This much I will do," he added. "When I return to my people I will deal with this matter in the place where Lemuel Fawe died. By the place called Starzke, I will come to reckoning, and then and then only."

"When?" asked the young man eagerly.

Gabriel Druse's eyes flashed. "When I return as I will to return." Then suddenly he added, "This much I will say, it shall be before——"

The girl stopped him. "It shall be when it shall be. Am I a chattel to be bartered by any will except my own? I will have naught to do with any Romany law. Not by Starzke shall the matter be dealt with, but here by the River Sagalac. This Romany has no claim upon me. My will is my own; I myself and no other shall choose my husband, and he will never be a Romany."

The young man's eyes suddenly took on a dreaming, subtle look, submerging the sullkiness which had filled him. Twice he essayed to speak, but faltered. At last, with an air, he said:

"For seventeen years I have kept the faith. I was sealed to you, and I hold by the sealing. Wherever you went, it was known to me. In my thoughts I followed. I read the Gorgio books; I made ready for this day. I saw you as you were that day by Starzke, like the young bird in the nest; and the thought of it was with me always. I knew that when I saw you again the brown eyes would be browner, the words at the lips would be sweeter—and so it is. All is as I dreamed for these long years. I was ever faithful. By night and day I saw you as you were when Romany law made you mine for ever. I looked forward to the day when I would take you to my tan, and there we two would——"

A flush sprang suddenly to Fleda Druse's face, then slowly faded, leaving it pale and indignant. Sharply she interrupted him.

"They should have called you Ananias," she said scornfully. "My father has called you a rogue, and now I know you are one. I have not heard, but I know—I know that you have had a hundred loves, and been true to none. The red scarfs you have given to the Romany and the Gorgio flraways would make a tent for all the Fawes in all the world."

At first he flung up his head in astonishment at her words, then, as she proceeded, a flush swept across his face and his eyes filled up again with sullenness. She had read the real truth concerning him.

He had gone too far. He had been convincing while he had said what was true, but her instinct had suddenly told her what he was. Her perception had pierced to the core of his life—a vagabondage, a little more gilded than was common among his fellows, made possible by his position as the successor to her father, and by the money of Lemuel Fawe which he had dissipated.

He had come when all his gold was gone to do the one bold thing which might at once restore his fortunes. He had brains, and he knew now that his adventure was in grave peril.

He laughed in his anger. "Is only the Gorgio to embrace the Romany lass? One fondled mine today in his arms down there at Carillon. That's the way 't goes! The old song tells the end of it—

But the Gorgio lies 'neath the beechwood tree,
He'll broach my tan no more;
And my love she sleeps afar from me,
But near to the churchyard door.

Time was I went to my true love,
Time was she came to me——

He got no farther. Gabriel Druse was on him, gripping his arms so tight to his body that his swift motion to draw a weapon was frustrated. The old man put out all his strength, a strength which in his younger days was greater than any two men in any Romany camp, and the "breath and beauty" of Jethro Fawe grew less and less. His face became purple and distorted, his body convulsed, then limp, and presently he lay on the ground with a knee on his chest and fierce, bony hands at his throat.

"Don't kill him—father, don't!" cried the girl, laying restraining hands on the old man's shoulders.

He withdrew his hands and released the body from his knee. Jethro Fawe lay still.

"Is he dead?" she whispered, awe-stricken.

"Dead?" The old man felt the breast of the unconscious man. He smiled grimly. "He is lucky not to be dead."

"What shall we do?" the girl asked again with a white face.

The old man stooped and lifted the unconscious form in his arms as though it was that of a child.

"Where are you going?" she asked anxiously, as he moved away.

"To the hut in the juniper wood," he answered.

She watched till he had disappeared with his limp burden into the depths of the trees. Then she turned and went slowly toward the house.

The Unguarded Fires

THE public knew well that Ingolby had solved his biggest business problem, because three offices of three railways—one big and two small—suddenly became merged under his control. At which there was rejoicing at Lebanon, followed by dismay and indignation at Manitou, for one of the smaller merged railways had its offices there, and it was now removed to Lebanon, while several of the staff, having proved cantankerous, were promptly retired. As they were French Canadians, their retirement became a public matter in Manitou and begot fresh quarrel between the rival towns.

Ingolby had made a tactical mistake in at once removing the office of the merged railway from Manitou, and he saw it quickly. It was not possible to put the matter right at once, however.

There had already been collision between his own railway men and the rivermen from Manitou, whom Felix Marchand had bribed to cause trouble; two Manitou men had been seriously hurt, and feeling ran high. Ingolby's eyes opened wide when he saw Marchand's ugly game. He loathed the dissolute fellow, but he realized now that his foe was a factor to be reckoned with, for Marchand had plenty of money as well as a bad nature. He saw he was in for a big fight with Manitou, and he had to think it out.

So this time he went pigeon-shooting.

He got his pigeons, and the slaughter did him good. As though in keeping with the situation, he shot on both sides of the Sagalac with great good luck, and in the late afternoon sent his Indian lad on ahead to Lebanon with the day's spoil, while he loitered through the woods, a gun slung in the hollow of his arm. He had walked many miles, but there was still a spring to his step and he hummed an air, with his shoulders thrown back and his hat on the back of his head. He had had his shooting, he had done his thinking and he was pleased with himself. He had shaped his homeward course so that it would bring him near to Gabriel Druse's house.

He had seen Fleda only twice since the episode at Carillon, and met her only once, and that was but for a moment at a fete for the hospital at Manitou, and with other people present—people who lay in wait for crumbs of gossip.

Since the running of the rapids Fleda had filled a larger place in the eyes of Manitou and Lebanon. She had appealed to the western mind; she had done a brave physical thing. Wherever she went she was made conscious of a new attitude toward herself, a more understanding feeling. At the fete, when she and Ingolby met face to face, people had immediately drawn round them curious and excited.

These could not understant why the two talked so little, and had such an every-day manner with each other. Only old mother Thibadeau, who had a heart that sees, caught a look in Fleda's eyes, a warm deepening of color, a sudden embarrassment, which she knew how to interpret.

"See now, monseigneur," she said to Monseigneur Lourde, nodding toward Fleda and Ingolby, "there would be work here soon for you or Father Bidette if they were not two heretics."

"Is she a heretic, then, madame?" asked the old white-headed priest, his eyes quizzically following Fleda.

"She is not a Catholic and she must be a heretic, that's certain," was the reply.

"I'm not so sure," mused the priest. Smiling, he raised his hat as he caught Fleda's eyes. He made as if to go toward her, but something in her look held him back. He realized that Fleda did not wish to speak to him, and that she was even hurrying away from her father, who lumbered through the crowd as though unconscious of them all.

Presently Monseigneur Lourde saw Fleda leave the fete and take the road toward home. There was a sense of excitement in her emotions, and he also had seen that tremulous, embarrassed look in her eyes. It puzzled him. He did not connect it wholly with Ingolby as Madame Thibadeau had done. He had lived so long among primitive people that he was more accustomed to study faces than find the truth from words, and he had always been conscious that this girl, educated and even intellectual, was at heart as primitive as the wildest daughter of the tepees of the north. There was also in her something of that mystery which belongs to the universal itinerary—that cosmopolitan something which is the native human.

"She has far to go," the priest said to himself, as he turned to greet Ingolby with a smile, bright and shy, but gravely reproachful, too.

This happened on the day before the collision between the railway men and river drivers, and the old priest already knew what trouble was afoot.

There was little Felix Marchand did which was hidden from him. He made his way to Ingolby to warn him.

As Ingolby now walked in the woods toward Gabriel Druse's house, he recalled one striking phrase used by the aged priest in reference to the closing of the railway offices.

"When you strike your camp, put out the fires," was the aphorism.

Ingolby stopped, humming to himself as the words came to his memory again. Bending his head in thought for a moment, he stood still, cogitating.

"The dear old fellow was right," he said presently aloud with uplifted head. "I struck camp, but I didn't put out the fires. There's a lot of that in life."

That is what had happened also to Gabriel Druse and his daughter. They had struck camp, but had not put out the camp fires. That which had been done by the River Starzke came again in its appointed time. The untended, unguarded fire may spread devastation and ruin, following with angry freedom the marching feet of those who builded it.

"Yes, you've got to put out your fires when you quit the bivouac," continued Ingolby aloud, as he gazed ahead of him through the opening greenery, beyond which lay Gabriel Druse's home. Where he was the woods were thick, and here and there on either side it was almost impenetrable. Few people ever came through this wood. It belonged in greater part to Gabriel Druse and in lesser part to the Hudson's Bay Company and the government; and as the land was not valuable till it was cleared, and there was plenty of prairie land to be had, from which neither stick nor stump must be removed, these woods were very lonely. Occasionally a trapper or a sportsman wandered through them, but just here where Ingolby was none ever loitered. It was too thick for game, there was no roadway leading anywhere, but only an overgrown path, used in the old days by Indians. It was this path which Ingolby trod, with eager steps.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DAILY NOVELETTE

UNDERSTANDING

By Rena Thurlow

"WHEN Miss Lawrence," said the superintendent to the young teacher, "it is understood that when school convenes this afternoon, you will retain your pupils a few moments, and Thomas Varo will be publicly expelled before them all."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Lawrence, in tones of quiet respect.

"You understand, Miss Lawrence, just what I want done. Thomas has been a nuisance for a long time. This is his third offense, and this time he has gone too far."

"Yes, sir, I understand," said the young teacher demurely. She raised her eyes to his, and in them he read boundless awe and respect. She was very young, and this was her first term of teaching, and the sleek black head of the superintendent was surrounded by an almost visible halo of authority. His eyes followed the slender figure of the teacher as she crossed the hall and mounted the broad stairs, worn into uneven lumps and hollows by the tread of little feet. She crossed the hall and entered the cloakroom, where she had left her lunch. The door was locked. She paused a moment, then her face became serious. Within that room was Thomas Varo, the boy who at 1 o'clock was to be publicly expelled before the other children.

His outbursts of temper, and the frequent punishments they necessitated, had brought down the average of her room alarmingly.

Her determination to bring him safely through to the end of the year had given away gradually, and this morning's performance had run the end of her patience. During the recess period he had knocked down one of the younger boys, and taken his knife, a new one with wonderful blades and a tiny saw.

The teacher softly unlocked the door and entered the room.

Tom was huddled on a bench, sleeping soundly. To her he seemed a pitiful little figure, and she knelt down beside him and looked earnestly into his face. Yes, there were the unmistakable marks of tears upon his grimy cheeks. He half opened his eyes and looked into the face above him.

"Mother," he murmured.

The teacher knew that Tom's mother was dead, and her eyes felt a sudden mist. "If he were my little boy, and I was the mother, who is dead," she thought, "I would want to be pretty near him right now."

Something fell from the boy's relaxed fingers onto the floor beside her. It was a piece of wood, partly carved into a whistle.

She looked at Thomas again, and seemed to understand him in an altogether new way. Of course, that was why he wanted the other boy's knife. His fingers had fairly ached to use the keen blades and the tiny saw. How rapturous were the few moments that he held that knife in his hands. Then Thomas awoke. He heard voices outside, and his sharp little face became anxious.

"What ygr goin' to do ter me?" he demanded.

"The superintendent is going to expel you from school before all the children, and then——"

He shrank back from her. Loneliness and terror seemed to stare at her out of his pinched face. He looked up into her eyes. What he saw there she did not know, but suddenly he clung to her with a little strangled cry.

"Miss Lawrence," called the superintendent from outside. She rose and lifted Thomas to his feet. "Come," she said, taking his little hand tightly in hers. Then she opened the door and confronted the superintendent. She was convinced that to expel Thomas would be a fatal mistake, and she knew that she was going to tell them so—she, whose only hope of promotion lay in unquestioning obedience to orders.

"Has he given you any more trouble?" asked the superintendent.

"No," said the teacher.

The children were coming now, and another moment it would be too late. "Stop them!" she cried. "Don't let them come in. Thomas isn't going to be expelled. We are going to give him another chance."

The superintendent closed the door and faced the teacher. She was kneeling on the floor, with her arms about Thomas's neck. Her cheeks were crimson; her eyes big and dark with excitement. The beauty of her made him catch his breath. In her protecting arms which sheltered the frightened child she seemed to express the divine instinct of motherhood, loving, forgiving, infinitely patient.

He came and stood above her. She shivered and closed her eyes.

He was going to tell her she must go. This was the end of years of dreams and hopes with which she had begun her work. Then she heard his voice, only a tender music which made the words seem like a caress.

"Tell me all about it," he said. He was smiling down at her.

"He was so little," she said, "and his mother is dead. See——" She held out the partly made whistle. "That is why he wanted the knife."

"Thomas," said the superintendent, "would you like another chance?"

The boy shuffled his feet, then nodded vigorously.

"You are right," said the superintendent to the teacher. "Understanding is above discipline. Thomas shall have a chance—have it, my boy, because Miss Lawrence believes in you and has made me believe in you. You are not going to disappoint us."

Tears rolled down Thomas's cheeks. "Run along now and get some fresh air. Then come back and show us how you can work."

"You understand," breathed the teacher as the door closed on Thomas. Impulsively she held out her hand to him. He took it and held it close, his dignity softening into tenderness.

"Of course, I understand," he whispered. "And now there's something I want you to understand. May I call tonight and tell you what it is?"

The next complete novelette—Phoebe Visits the Circus.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE CIRCUS BIRD"

(Judge Owl grows in a hothouse until he is the biggest bird in the world. Peggy and Billy set him up in a show next to a real circus. Judge Owl takes the meat of the circus animals, and when the tiger comes after it, Judge Owl picks him up and carries him away.)

"Yow-ow!" screamed the tiger, squirming and twisting

The Tiger Is Tamed

"YOW-OW!" screamed the tiger, squirming and twisting as Judge Owl carried him above the tree tops.

"Fresh tiger meat for supper! Hoo! Hoo!" screeched Judge Owl.

"Ah! Ah! That tiger cost me two thousand dollars!" howled the circus manager, climbing out of the coal shed, and running up and down the yard in his excitement. He shook his fist at Judge Owl, and shook it at Billy. "You'll have to pay for this," he yelled. "That tiger is a Royal Bengal."

Billy and Peggy looked at each other in dismay. Two thousand dollars—that was an awful price to pay for one meal! They would have to stop Judge Owl.

Peggy sent her voice flying upward.

"Don't eat the tiger," she screamed. "He cost two thousand dollars."

"Hoo! Hoo! He ought to taste good if he cost that much," Judge Owl screeched back at her.

"Bring him here this instant," ordered Peggy.

"All right, if you say so, Princess Peggy," answered Judge Owl obediently. Swooping downward he acted as if he were going to drop the tiger into the yard. The people gathered there shrieked and scattered.

"No, no, don't drop him. He might eat up some of these children," screamed Peggy.

"Then he ought to be eaten himself!" retorted Judge Owl, and away he flew with the Royal Bengal, quickly vanishing over a hill not far from the show grounds.

The crowd, which a moment before had been anxious to get far away from the tiger, now was curious to see what Judge Owl was going to do with him. Up the hill they went pell mell, Peggy, Billy, the circus folks and the audience. They got to the top in time to see Judge Owl swooping down toward a little lake that lay in a city park.

The tiger squirmed and twisted violently as he saw the pond beneath him. Tigers, like their cousins the cats, don't like water except to drink, and the sight of so much of it made the Royal Bengal nervous.

"Hoo! Hoo! What a fine place for a swim," screeched Judge Owl, and with that he dropped the tiger.

Splash! The tiger went in over his head. Up he came in an instant, furiously angry and swimming for dear life.

"Hoo! Hoo! What a fine diver," screeched Judge Owl. Down he darted, grabbing the tiger out of the water. Again he flew into the air, and again he dropped the Royal Bengal. Splash! the tiger went under a second time.

Once more the tiger came up, but now he wasn't angry. He was just plain scared. Again Judge Owl grabbed him, and again he was dropped in the lake, and again and again, until the tiger was as limp as a half-drowned kitten, and so weak he couldn't swim another stroke. Then Judge Owl picked him up and soared back to the show grounds.

"Here's your cat back—all nicely tamed," he screeched. "Where shall I put him?"

Peggy told the circus men what Judge Owl had said, and they quickly brought out the tiger's cage. Judge Owl dropped the great beast beside the open door, and the tiger, only too glad to get out of the clutches of this dreadful bird, quickly crawled inside. The head trainer slammed the door shut, and there was the tiger safe and sound.

"We must have that bird for our circus!" cried the head trainer, looking admiringly at Judge Owl.

"That's what I say," exclaimed the manager, rejoicing loudly because his two thousand dollar tiger was safe. "The way he tamed the Royal Bengal was wonderful. I'll have him as a freak and as a policeman to keep order in the menagerie. How much will his salary be?"

Peggy and Billy looked at Judge Owl.

"I don't care as long as I have enough to eat," hooted Judge Owl. "And I'd like all the children in town to come and see me."

"That's what the salary shall be," said Peggy. "All Judge Owl can eat, and free tickets for all the children in town."

"It's a bargain," declared the circus manager. "And we will start the show right now."

The circus men opened a great hole in the canvas wall of the tent, the band began to play, and Judge Owl, with Peggy, Billy and Freckled Pete behind him, marched in to take his new job as circus freak and policeman of the menagerie.

(In the next instalment will be told the odd things that happen when Judge Owl joins the circus.)

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

THE PROBLEM OF THE VANISHED PROFIT

Malabon Makes a Common Mistake

WHEN Malabon gave me his bill files, I noticed that he had placed the selling price of the articles billed by the side of the cost price.

"Do you do this in every case?" I asked casually as I looked at bill after bill.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" he said, with more decision than he had yet used. "I'm sure then that I get my full profit. Good idea?"

I did not answer, for I was examining a bill for a lot of brushes. The figures puzzled me, so I asked:

"I suppose brushes sell very quickly, so that you can afford to sell them at a small profit?"

"Brushes?—er—no, Mr. Flint. As a matter of fact I feel I ought to get more than 33 1-3 per cent, for we don't sell as many as we—er—used to. They sell so slow, so to speak, that I feel we ought to get a bigger profit—but my father used to work on that basis, and I felt that if I increased the price I would charge too much and lose the little brush trade I have. Do I make myself clear?"

"I understand what you say, but you have made a mistake in this lot, for you have only added 25 per cent gross profit instead of 33 1-3 per cent."

He looked blankly at me, grabbed the bill and stared hard at it. A puzzled frown came on his brow, then he slowly and laboriously refigured the selling prices. He looked up at me with a triumphant look and said:

"Guess, Mr. Flint, I'm right! I've put my third on, or I'm a Dutchman. Well, am I a Dutchman?" he chuckled with delight at his apparent victory. He gave me a look of blank amazement when I said grimly:

"I must insist, then, Mr. Malabon, that you are a subject of Queen Wilhelmina, and come from the land of the dykes."

"Really—er—Mr. Flint, now look here. This line costs $3 a dozen. I put on $1, which makes the selling price $4 a dozen. If $1 isn't 33 1-3 of $3 I'll eat them brushes, bristles an' all."

"Your expenses are 25 per cent, aren't they?"

"Er—yes—that's so."

"Very well, then. If you sell four dollars' worth of goods, you spend 25 per cent of that for expenses, or one dollar. Take one dollar off the four dollars and the difference is $3—the exact cost of the goods. Is that the way you have handled all your mark-ups?"

Malabon looked positively scared as he gulped:

"Huh-huh."

"There's the solution of your lost profit then—you have robbed yourself of all your profit by selling goods at cost price—that is the cost of the goods plus the bare expenses."

"Ahem," his voice was dry and strained, "I see it partly as you give it, but I can't for the life of me figure out how 25 per cent and 33 1-3 per cent are exactly the same."

"Here is the explanation. You have failed to distinguish between profit on cost and profit on sales. You should have put enough mark-up on the cost to give you 33 1-3 per cent profit on sales, whereas you merely put the third on the cost price."

"How can I tell what to put on the cost price to give me the proper selling price?"

"Listen: You want to make one-third gross profit. Then, the cost price of the goods represents two-thirds of the selling price or 66 2-3 per cent. Let's consider those $3 a dozen brushes—$3 represents 66 2-3 per cent (or two-thirds) of the sales price. The sales price (or 100 per cent) is discovered by dividing the 66 2-3 per cent into the cost of the goods and then multiply by 100."

"Work it out for me, please," Malabon said quietly.

"Here it is," and I gave him the following figures:

"Cost is $3—divided by:
66.66)3.0000(.045
26667

33330
33330

and two zeros to give us 100 per cent and we get the selling price $4.50. One-third of $4.50 is $1.50, which if deducted leaves $3 the original cost.

"Another example: Suppose the cost is $10 and we want 20 per cent gross profit—$10, therefore, represents 80 per cent of the selling price.

80)10.00(12.5
80

200
160

400
400

add two zeros to give us 100 per cent and we get a selling price of $12.50—20 per cent of $12.50 is $2.50, which if deducted leaves $10, the original cost."

Malabon read the figures very carefully. Then he figured out one or two examples for himself. He looked up at me and said with a sigh, "I'm a sure 'nuff Dutchman, all right, aren't I?"

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

What is a "sinking fund"? Answer will appear Monday.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

A "farthing" is an English copper coin worth half a cent.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO TABLE

Could we turn loose our fancy as we dine, we could see a great army of men and women working that we might eat. The appetites of men now levy tribute upon all the continents and all the seas, and where once all roads led to Rome, now they come directly to our dinner tables! Let us sit down to dinner and go over the menu and try to list those who have assisted in the preparation of our meal. At the top of the list come olives and salted nuts. The olives mayhap are from Spain, the almonds from California, and the pecans from Texas. The salt on the nuts was prepared in New York state. Also we have celery that came from Michigan.

Then comes the soup. Without a cookbook at hand, this writer will not pose as an authority on the ingredients of soup, but it may be Chesapeake bay clam chowder, which certainly has some pepper from Africa in it and other ingredients from far and wide. Our fish is salmon from Alaska, and our prime ribs of beef came to our table through the Kansas City 'packing town.' Our potatoes came from Maine, our boiled rice from China, our string beans from Florida, and our tomatoes from Maryland.

Next comes our salad, and it contains—if a man may guess at the contents of salads and dressings—Mexican peppers, Hawaiian pineapples, Sicilian cherries, Pennsylvania lettuce, Iowa eggs, Spanish olive oil, Ohio vinegar, California mustard and Guiana red pepper. When we get down to the ice cream, we eat Virginia cream, Cuba sugar, Ecuadorean vanila and Mexican chocolate. The cake that goes with it is made of butter from Illinois, flour from Minneapolis, made from wheat grown in North Dakota; baking powder from Pennsylvania and other ingredients. When it comes to coffee, if we are fastidious we will have issued a draft on both Turkish Arabia and Dutch Java, or if we are only folk of everyday taste we will content ourselves with the Brazilian product.

And so, when we come to reckon up those who have helped produce the raw materials of which our foods are made, we find the clouted African savage and the American stock grower; the South American Indian and the California truck farmer; the Javanese coffee picker and the Virginia dairyman; the turbaned Arabian and the New York orchardist; the Chinese coolie and the Dakota wheat farmer; the Mexican peon and the Chesapeake bay fisherman; the Porto Rican planter and the Hawaiian sugar grower; the Spanish olive packer and the Alaskan Eskimo fisherman.

Yet all these neglect the matter of transportation. Our food comes to us on the heads of Indians, on the backs of donkeys, drawn in carts by huge water buffaloes, aboard the 'ship of the desert,' on wheelbarrows propelled by Chinese coolies. Steamships, railroad trains, auto trucks and delivery cars have all played their part in the great work of catering to discriminating appetites.

Truly the man who dines well ought to be a deep student of geography, for all races, all nationalities, all types of peoples, all points of the compass, all latitudes—continent, island, river and sea—all must come to him as he looks over the bill of fare and tries to find those things that delight his palate.—From bulletin of National Geographic Society in Boston Evening Transcript.

DOROTHY DARNIT—You Can't Knock an Oyster to Dorothy

By Chas. McManus